PERSONAL SPACE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

DON WILLOUGHBY, 28, handsome in his rumpled business suit, awakens from his latest bender.

The chill-inducing WIND hits him hard, knocking crinkled newspapers to the ground.

The buzz is dead. Don grabs his head, hangover city, before glancing at his empty beer bottle, the container still glued to his cold hand.

He shakes it for good measure, nothing, and lets out a disgruntled GROAN.

After stumbling to his feet, Don scans the area, his eyes settling on a crammed garbage can.

Like he’s going for a buzzer beater, he shoots the booze, perfection in the form of CRUMPLING when it lands on a few fast-food bags.

Don grins and takes out his cell phone, the void of a black screen greeting his drunken vision.

DON

Shit!

Attempts to turn it on prove futile, the weak battery dead from exhaustion.

He shoves it back in his pocket before colliding with another precious item.

A smile crosses Don’s face, and he pulls out the small Ziploc bag of cocaine, the content so enticing it puts him in a hypnotic trance.

Don staggers and looks around, in search of a perfect spot.

Finally, solace arrives when he notices a lonely bathroom about forty feet away.

Similar to prodded cattle, Don takes off into the dark night, ready to enjoy his illegal indulgence.

INT. LAVATORY - NIGHT

Don slams the door open, its strong surface colliding against the ugly wall tile with a loud BANG.
A smudged mirror hangs above a couple of sinks while the paper towel dispenser, empty and rendered useless, looms right by it.

Several urinals wait, collected together off to the side, puddles of water lying beneath them.

Two stalls stand in the corner, each of them beckoning Don.

Incessant bulbs HUM, illuminating the shady locale like it’s a snuff film.

Don glances about, checking to ensure he’s the only patron.

Soon, he steals a look at the mirror, his reflection distorted by the grainy glass, before venturing into the second stall.

He SLIDES the lock, his unrelenting urge fueling his quick, undeterred movements.

After taking a seat, Don focuses on the metal stand where empty toilet paper rolls hang.

His fingers tremble as he reaches for the coke, the drug so precious like gold to him.

Similar to a quiet snowstorm, the whiteness sprinkles over the surface, caking the metal in paleness.

During Don’s impromptu search for a credit card, he scans the walls where various, juvenile graffiti prompts a smile.

Amidst the usual phone numbers and e-mail addresses are more original lines: I fucked your wife all over last night! If it’s brown, flush it down, if it’s yellow, let it mellow! Dan Duryea lives!

The amusement wears thin, and Don gets to work. He holds the card steady, crushing the coke into more manageable piles.

Once done, he indulges in his favorite habit, snorting the lines through his worn-out straw.

Feelings surge through him, feelings of release, feelings of excitement. Don leans back and laughs, relieved from his pestering need.

Like a slice through the silence, the bathroom door swings open, CLANGING against the tile.

Such a sound startles Don, haunting his paranoia. He looks around in confusion, worried ears hearing the door SLAM shut.
The unseen MAN veers toward the second stall, his FOOTSTEPS echoing throughout the seclusion.

Don hurry, putting all signs of his contraband away.

Closer and closer those FOOTSTEPS get, their volume increasing with each movement, sending Don into further states of hyper worry.

DON
Shit.

Unease hits the scene once the Man's heavy Timberland boots stop right in front of Don.

DON
Uh, someone's in here-

Loud KNOCKS bang on the door, rattling it into a frenetic frenzy.

DON
Shit, man, I'm in here!

Murky GROANS erupt, confusing Don, until a final SLAM on the wooden surface makes him jolt back.

DON
Hey, what the fuck, man? Go to the other-

The Timberlands take his advice and step away.

DON
Damn.

The unseen Man closes the stall door, his relinquishment of Stall Number Two making Don relax a little. He puts his hand on the metal counter, trying to recover.

Soon, more of the Man's unrecognizable NOISES echo toward Don, signaling an end to his short-lived victory.

DON
Hey, ya alright-

A wide hand sticks out, grabbing Don's ankle in one cold, stern grip.

DON
Whoa, what the fuck?

Shockwaves surge through his drug-induced mind, making him tremble as he evades the Man's grasp.
DON
Let go of me, motherfucker!

One STOMP after another crashes onto the flesh, sending the hand back where it came from.

The Man lets out a few tormented SCREAMS, unsettling Don even further.

DON
Shit-

The Man’s uncontrolled FISTS hit the drab surface separating the two, so much force in those hits the stalls seem to be on the verge of collapsing.

Don leans away, his frightened eyes glued to the wall.

DON
Hey man, just fucking chill-

Another YELL of pain and anger.

DON
Hey-

The door SWINGS open, and the unseen Man steps out like he’s looking for a fight.

DON
 Fucking chill!

Sharp FOOTSTEPS, sounding similar to foreboding gunfire, march toward the mirror.

DON
Don’t have to-

Like a chandelier explosion, glass SHATTERS all over the place, jagged pieces SLIDING and SCRAPING toward Don.

DON
Shit!

Next, the paper towel dispenser BUSTS from several brutal jabs, some of the plastic collapsing to the floor tile in a harsh THUD.

The Man’s heavy BREATHING disrupts the tension, permeating through Don’s mind.

DON
What the fuck, man? What the fuck’s-
Don goes silent once the Man FLICKS off the lights, immersing the two of them in a nightmarish scene of darkness.

**DON**

Shit! Fucking stop, man!

The FOOTSTEPS approach Don, making him watch in fear as the familiar boots come into view.

**DON**

Please, don’t-

The BANGS collapse against the stall, causing it to budge and tremble.

The Man releases several SCREAMS, these yells sounding more and more like squeals from a pig in pain.

After looking down in anger, Don, his hands pressed against ears, confronts the SHAKING stall, his eyes full of drug-induced fury.

**DON**

Goddammit, stop!

The HITS only get harder, the YELLS louder, all of it more deranged, unhinged.

**DON**

Goddammit!

Don SLAMS his fist against the wood, yet the unseen Man continues his ASSAULT, the RATTLING and SQUEALS piercing Don’s ears in chaotic waves.

Only one way out. Don stares at the door, calculating his next move.

In a frenetic motion, he jolts up and unlocks the door, SLAMMING it open with all his might.

The wood surface KNOCKS the Man down, his voice allowing one more GROAN before the fall silences him forever.

Don stumble through the darkness, nearly slipping on some of the puddles, CRUNCHING a plethora of glass remnants beneath his feet.

Finally, he reaches the switch, HITTING it in one quick gesture.

His frightened eyes scan the scene, his face highlighted by sadness and turmoil.
Tears flow down Don’s cheeks before he lets out a loud, manic LAUGH.

The unseen Man, Don’s challenger for Stall Number Two, lies dead on the floor in a pool of blood, several sharp pieces of glass jabbed through him like a human voodoo doll.

His right hand is missing, his face distorted by obvious physical affliction.

The stall door still SWINGS in a rhythm, a Handicapped Stall sign displayed on its front for all to see.

Such irony continues to amuse Don, his unrestrained CHUCKLES echoing through the room on a warped loop.

Tears fall from his face, and he collapses to the floor, right beneath the paper towel dispenser.

Madness overcomes him, prompting him to lean his head against the cold, wet walls.

FADE OUT.

THE END